VOLUME XIX .-- NO. 46.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1884.

OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE WAR. A CHILD'S REMINISCENCES OF SCENES IN RICHMOND.

I wonder if the grown folk or children will care to hear a child's impression of "the war," for I am going to commence erathy ith lotht !" when I was a wee bairn, just going out to school and learning to read with a very childish lisp. We lived in Richmond, Virginia, afterwards the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and I would frequently hear the older members of the family seated around the table of the family, seated around the table, exthe family, seated and let us fight under the Union Flag; South Carolina may History" about the war between the Inthe Yankees tying the children up in bags and knocking their brains out against a tree. So fully was I persuaded that we would be thus treated, that in the midst of the most earnest discussions going on in the parlor, or dinning-room, among politicians, I would cry out, "Cut the treeth down! cut the treeth down! all over Richmond." Just across the street from us was the beautiful home of the Van Lews-Uniccists to the laston the slavery question, and the elders of our house argued hotly with them, yet often has my childish heart been relieved of its torture by stealing over into the lovely moon lit garden, and having "Miss Bett," (who after the war was appointed postmistress of Richmond,) to allay my ears with her kind portraiture of the Yaukee heart. Here, at least, was a haven for us should that dread day arrive when our beloved city would fall into

But one spring day in April, 1861, all Richmond was astir. Schools were broken up, and knots of excited men gathered at every street corner. Sumpler had been fired upon, and Lincoln had ordered the men of Virginia to rush upon their brethren of the South and put the rebellion down. Now "the die was cast," our lot was with theirs, and come weat or woe, we would fight for independence. How merrily the sun-beams danced that day! how proud we children were of the great preparation for the illumination that night!—how few recked of the great underthrob of misery, grief and want! Every patriotic citizen had his house ablaze with a thousand lights, and the dark ones were marked. I remember distinctly my father taking us to see the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House with the glass balcony, stretching over the street and connecting the two houses, all glittering and reflecting the crystal lights. To us it was a grand spectacle, and our hears swelled with pride to think we could say to our tyrants: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further."

The excitement permeated the schools, and those of our number who lived in the dark houses, or the non-illuminators, were dubbed "Yankees," "Abolitionists" and "Black Republicans," and virtually ostracised. Saturdays we would spend in grown up eisters were our mothers and grown up eisters were busy plying the need s, and cutting out clothes for the soldier buys, and it ging in such talk about the vile usurpors as would fire our young hearts with indignation. Snatches song improvised for the emergency—
Mervland." "John "Maryland, my Maryland," "John Brown's Body," "There's life in the Old Land Yet," &c., grew as familiaf as "I want to be an Angel." In fact, we had a parody which ran thus:

I want to be a soldier,
And with the soldiers stand,
A knapsack on my shoulder,
A musket in my hand;
And there beside Jeff Davis,
So glorious and so brave,
I'll whip the custed Yankee
And drive him to his grave.

BOYS FIGHTING MIMIC BATTLES. But what were our boys doing while the girl were sewing up sand-bags to fortify Dewry's Bluff? It seemed the "Demon of Destruction" was possessing the whole land. The boys were keeping their patriotism warm by playing "Yank" and "Reb" in Mock battle, and so sorely did these young archers wound each other that steps had to be taken by the city authorities toward the suppression of these hostilities. I remember being on Church Hill on one occasion, when the rowdies from Rock atts, calling themselves Yankees, came upon our boys who were Immediately our party of little girly flew to a coal-house near, which happened to be open for replenishing, and filling our little aprons with the dusky diamonds ran into the midst

of a hot battle, screaming with all the enthusiasm of our young natures, "Kill them! kill them!' We bound up heads and filled pockets with "ammunition till our nurses, noticing our escapade, came to carry us to our mammas to be

Our bravery increased with our suc cesces. No news came but of victory, our uncle's, in the same county, pretending one Sabbath morning, we were all ing to study with his cousins; but he seated revelently and calmiy at church, tells woulderful stories about their sitting when a messenger arrived almost breath till the wee sma' hours of the night over less upon the scene and handed the a pine torch making plans about "going less upon the scene and handed the minister a notice. He arose and read aloud to the congregation that the Paw-base coming up the river. The men were ordered to Rocketts at once, and the women requested to make and and the force to protect it was inadewomen requested to make and send car-What a scene our parlor presented just a short while afterwards! The men had

We had living with us a lovely old Virginia matron, Mrs. Eliza Carrington, whose head, "all silvered o'er," had passed through the trying times of 1812. She quietly remarked to the busy crowd seated round the reals. seated round the parlor, that there was humorous. Calling up his oldest son, no cause for fear, the British had tried that trick before and could not get over the bars. Yet her dear old hands kept down that morning, and when the boys busy fashioning what according to the boys can be seen to the part of the parlor, but with the keenest sense of the humorous. Calling up his oldest son, who chanced to be home "on furlough," her told him to get on the train as it went down that morning, and when the boys busy fashioning what seemed to us curious parlor ornaments—cartridges—so her skill in this line had come into requisi-tion the second time. After all her words proved true; the Yankees gave up that little game and we were left in peace as far as Richmond was concerned.

Then our gourage grew stronger and stronger, no matter if we did give up our old established way of living, and curious dishes and vestments did take the place of costly viands and rich apparel. Ryc offees was good enough for us at home, when our poor soldiers way off on the battlefield had no better, and after a little while it would all be over-"Stonewall Jackson was in the field!" Then bomespun dresses became a perfect rage, and bonne's trimmed with chicken feathers, dyed every conceivable line. We would show the Yankees we could do without their miserable old trades people who made all their money out of the Southern folk, with their wooden nutmers, papersoled shoes, &c., and forsooth we wore no

One day I was out on the pave ent playing when our old Union friend, Miss Van Lew, calling out, "Sallie, does your mother know Stonewall Jackson is dead?"

Never will I forget the Cassandra-like direct that rang through my childight dirge that rang through my childish heart. "No Jackson, no victory," I thought, and with streaming eyes ran home and gaining mother's lap cried out, "the Confederathy ith loth! the Confederathy ith loth!" Never for one more Never for one moment afterwards did I hope for success It seemed that God would not take such a holy consecrated life from a good cause; that we must have made some

mistake.

It was just about this time that a colored man belonging to my blind uncle made his escape to the Union army. He wrote back to his old master saying that secede, but it is clearly poor policy." I he had left from no ill-will toward him, had just read in "Peter Parley's Child's and should time prove the success of the dians and our first settlers, and my hair frown be on his master he would consider fairly "stood on end" when I thought of it a privilege and honor to assist him by frown be on his master he would consider any means in his power. He thus feelingly closed his letter written with his own hand: "You have taught me to respect the sentiment uttered by Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty, or give me death,' and if liberty be dear to the white man, why not to the colored? I am fighting for the freedom of my race, not from hatred to the whites." Young as I was, this touched a vein of sympa-thy, and I wondered if we were not real-ly "in the dark." After the war. my uncle had occasion to visit Washington, and he was touched at his old servant who held some government office in that place, begging an absence of several days to lead his old master around.

But to recur to those old days. Our fathers thought the Yankees had another motive than the freeing of the slaves -the long pent-up hatred toward the Southern people who held themselves so aloof from them. "Human nature is only human nature; we often plead a ood cause the more zealously when along with it we can promote our own welfare or gratify our passions."

welfare or gratify our passions."

After Jackson's death the raids around Richmond became more frequent. Often did our gentlest girls wend their way to school all bedecked with the paraphernalia of war. Then prisoners and hospitals were crowded. Our private houses were opened for the sick and suffering, and right here it might well be said that no class of our people responded more readily to the calls of charity constantly being made upon them than our colored being made upon them than our colored people. Ragged, worn, barefoot, hatless soldiers would weep over us children as we handed them the little our storerooms contained, because "Sissy looked so like the little girl they had left at home, and would never see again." And these men were our best, the flower and chivalry of our land. God bless them ! they died for what they deemed rightthe protection of home and leved ones— and be the cause blameworthy or not, onor the heroes of the "Lost Cause." From garret to cellar of our once bright home there came the moans of the sick, wounded and dying. One young man, just eighteen, a brother of Governor Brown, of Georgia, had run away from college and joined the army. Instead of carrying home the wreath of his hard earned victory as his diadem, in a few short weeks death claimed him as many such pure, young lives were given on the altar of their country, which might have been spared had not hot-headed politicians "carried the war into

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. It was at this time, the fall of '63, our father wisely moved us to his country place, where he hoped we would not be disturbed by "war's rude alarms," but mother's high spirit could not stand the inaction. She organized a Soldiers' Aid Society, and as there was a chapel on the edge of our place, it was decided to hold prayer meetings there every Friday afternoon, and the business of the Aid Society immediately afterwards. We had only one preacher in the neighborhood, old "Parson Roach," a Baptist brother, and he was called on to conduct the services. We bound ourselves, women and children, to go without meat every Friday, and send that much more to the soldiers.

By this time homespur clothes and

squirrel skin shoes, feather flowers, Confederate candles, sorghum molasses, rye federate cancies, so guarante a rage, but coffee, &c., were no longer a rage, but had become a necessity. Our old colored had become a necessity. Our old colored mammy in her various manipulations for the comfort and support of the family actually brought once to the table an urn of coffee made from parched black-eyed peas. The patriotism of a Bayard or a Washington could not long have held out under that infliction.

The sight of a man about those parts would scare us all but to death, as we held no man had any busines at home, and whenever we saw one we concluded Yankee. My oldest brother was off at our uncle's, in the same county, pretendquate. If that were seized, all commu ridges to them as speedily as possible. nication between Richmond and that part of the country would be destroyed so our band of twelve-year-old school ligone off, leaving only women and boys shouldered their gunamid markled mildren at defenceless homes, but no off to the war." To escape detection at stern warrior ever stood at his post of duty with truer heroism than these brave "Women of the South." home they walked to the second station on the railroad, intending to "board the train" there; but an old neighbor happened to meet them on the road, and seeing their warlike appearance, apprised my uncle of their exit. This uncle was the gentlest, most loving old man in the world, but with the keenest sense of the started to get on at the second station to have them put off and brought home. His orders were carried out to the letter, and when the culprits came into his presence he accosted them with these presence he accosted them with these words: "Boys, you all have been very bad; you ran away from home without telling any one, and I am obliged to punish you, for fear you may try to run off again; to morrow morning you must all come in the garden for me to whip

> A DOMESTIC "COURT MARTIAL." The wardrobes of our urchins were very limited in those days, but by dint of scouring old chests and trunks they managed to wad themselves very comfortably, especially when they had depleted the school-room of all copy-books, and folded them securely under their inchest. Will the represent of the

more paper soles but good, honest "wood-en bottoms" that let folks know when we were coming THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

party that the only success that crowned his efforts was a pair of linen pants and several jackets. Accountred thus, he sallied forth, confident that he could so manœuvre as to keep the stripe; confined to his upper region. The boys were taken according to their ages, and screamed in a most professional style. Will's time came last, and he scorned to cry, as long as his machinations were successful, but an illtimed stroke fell when he was least prepared, and his movements thereafter were said to resem-ble those of a supple jack, which he imitated to such an extent as to compel his pursuer to take in the whole compass his pursuer to take in the whole compass
of the garden, amidst the screams of the
exasperated family, who saw their whole
dependence for vegetables thus ruthlessly
trodden down. For years afterwards my
brother won his winter boots from the
old gentleman by "taking off" this scene.
During this fall I had been at school
at my uncle's in Lynchburg Va. and as

AHI ANDERSON

at my uncle's in Lynchburg, Va., and as he "affected none of the innovations," I he anected none of the innovations," I knew little of what was going on in the country in the way of sorghum, &c. On going home at Christmas I found them all completely "submerged" in sorghum; it seemed to absorb the whole family and to give occupation to numberless darkies. Girls from the cities would trade their ornaments for what was really our currency then, and sorghum cakes were a "dainty dish to set before a king." I had found in Lynchburg, for my little sister's Christmas gift, what was very rare in those days, a fancy bottle filled with cologne. Seeing sarghum at so high a premium, and ensorghum at so high a premium, and enjoying its noverly myself, I emptied the bottle of its contents and refilled it with sorghum. On Christmas morning I ran in mother's room to see Kate's delight at my gift. That little lady was about five years of age, and in that short time had wearied of all that smacked of "war-time doings," so when she spied her pretty bottle, and found it filled with sorghum, bottle, and found it filled with sorghum, she straightened herself up, and without a word or look toward any of us, marched into the yard and possessing herself of two large rocks, placed the coveted bottle on one and forthwith crushed it to atoms with the other, while the bystanders were convulsed with laughter at the donor's chargin. donor's chagrin.

A PHILOSOPHER IN AN APRON. Mother used to keep an upper cham-per in our country home as the "prophet's room," and as we lived not far from Hampen Sidney we would frequently have visits from a grave theological pro-fessor on his way to his preaching place. This gentleman was from South Caroli-na, and had all the fire and enthusiasm of a hoy. One night we were all gathered round a roaring log 'a in our drawing-room, and "Dr. cck" was apostrophizing in glowing language the beautiful spirit of our Southern matrons in meeting the exigencies of the times so bravely. About this hour every evening it had been our custom to gather in one room, and while one read aloud the others would busy themselves picking cotton from the seed, or as we called it "seeding cotton." Having been reared in a city all these domestic pastimes had the charm of novelty, but on this night we expected to indulge in a little holi-day, out of respect to our guest. His eulogy was so inspiriting, however, and my mother's sense of humor so strong, that with a very grave face she informed Dr. Peck that we were in the habit of a few short weeks death claimed him as his own, and his was taken from us to his far away, sunny home with the wreath of that "Great Victor" on his brow. How many such pure, young lives many such pure, young lives many such pure, young lives many such pure. few minutes later, to see a large apron spread over that dignified gentleman's lap, and the snowy flakes flowing thick and fast from his fingers, while he discoursed of things grave and gay, and nade the evening pass all too soon.

PREPARING FOR THE RAIDERS. "Miss Bettie, law! Miss Bettie; the Yankees am jes a pa-raiding all round and will soon be here."

Thus spoke "Aunt Ann," our colored mammy, as with a bold, defiant air she strode round picking up the silver and such articles as she thought would tempt the cupidity of our foes.

"Jes gin 'em up to me chile. Ed's done tuk up a plank in my house, and we're gwine to bury your things in a hole and nail the plank down agin. I jes dares one of um to come in my ouse."

My sole possession was a silver knife more than I could forego, so I mustered my little force of brother, sister and small darkies, and spent one of the most exciting afternoons of my life hiding things from the Yankees—things which, if discovered, would have provoked a smile from the sternest warrior. In a small atic room "Aunt Ann" had secreted mother's pickles and preserves. A young cousin who was staying with us proposed that we might just as well get the benefit of these goodies as the Yan-kees. So each day we would go up and regale ourselves, enjoying them all the more for their being stolen, but never for one instant suspecting the their would be discovered—for we would leave this sin to the Yankee's account. How ver, the way and we were left to the sad reflection, "be sure your sin will find you out." In our haste and fear of being discovered we had made use of the readlest instruments for feeding, viz: our digits, and being told to see to the jars being re-stored to their proper places, we both fell to crying. How the trouble ended the reader may be left to conjecture. THE SAD SPRING OF 'SIXTY-FIVE.

During the early spring of '65 a new phase of life presented itself. Ever and anon there would come to our house squads of soldiers begging bread. Father would give as long as it lasted, but the look on his face was no longer proud and brave, but sad and thoughtful, and at times we could hear these men say, "Yes, we can't stand it much longer." Neighbors would gather and shake their heads ominously. All, all had a grave in their hearts, but they hid "the vital's gnawing fox" under their cloaks, until one day in April the news came that "Lee had surrendered." Then it was brave spirits quailed; a pall seemed thrown over our whole country; even we child:en stepped more softly when we saw the agony on the faces of those so

We were only seventeen miles from the scene of the surrender, and for days the distant rumbling of the cappon has been sounding in our ears; but we dreamed not of the end so soon. So dreamed not of the end so soon. So soon! Four weary, toilsome years, ragged, foot-sore and bleeding at every pore, yet strong to suffer and endure, 'till the great heart of Robert Lee could stand the sight no longer. The 9th of April, 1865, is a day never to be forgotten in the bletter of our country.

history of our country.

I suppose all over the South the children were slave-holders by the time they could talk. Our parents had an idea that the sense of proprietorship would form a tie between us, and as we grow up togethjackets." Will, the youngest of the crowd, seeing the laudable endeavors of mutual dependence. So when father the older boys to protect themselves, announced to his family his intention to

kitchen, and there tell them of their lib. LAUGHING LULA ON THE STAGE. erty and his inability to keep them all under his changed circumstances, our hearts almost broke. It was hard enough for the field laborers to go, but to was more than we could think of. It is difficult for people accustomed to hirelings to realize the affection in which we held this class of frieads. Why, they know all the "inner workings" of "their family," and our old mammies would feel all a Virginiau's pride in telling your generlogy in all its ramifications. Many a skeleton has been closeted in their faithful breasts, and in our deepest sorrows no distance could separate them from the "children," as they always persisted in calling even the hoary heads they had watched over in infancy. Well, the hour arrived, and the heads of the colored families were seen coming up was more than we could think of. It is the colored families were seen coming up from the "quarters," leading the children by the hand. After they had all assembled, father went in and told them

of their liberation.

"You all know," he said, "that I have done what I could for you all through your lives. These last years have taken much from me, and I cannot afford to keep you all, nor do I expect all of you will wish to stay, but I cannot drive any of my old servents from their hore and of my old servants from their home, and who care to stay with us will meet with the same treatment they have ever received at our hands."

SERVANTS LOATH TO LEAVE THEIR OLD

MASTER. Within "the house" there was the sencat anxiety about certain servants to thom we were especially attached. When father came in, saying, "Edwin, in the name of his family, desired to cast n his lot with ours," there was universal rejoicing, for of all our attaches we loved them best. There were hot tears shed them best. There were hot tears shed that day, not in sorrow, but gratitude, for surely, to a God-fearing master, this proof of changeless affection, at a time when low, dobased "carpet-baggers" were filling our land and firing the darkey heart against their old masters, was more than words could tell. So all of our last expense said with the Theorem. best servants staid with us. Those who eft we were better without.

"Uncle George Jones" came in to make excuses to "Mars Jeems" for his leaving, saying his wife had been such an invalid for years, and so much expense that she en he was going to Richmond to seek employment and let "Jane" rest; but we soon after heard "Mrs. George Washngton Jones" was cooking at a hotel in Farmville for seventy boarders. Who will venture to assert that freedom is not the best medicine in the world-taken

Uncle Ammon said, if "Mars Jeems" would jes len him a mule, and let him go to the Surrender, and pick up some of dem leffings of the Yankees, he would come back and work. So he bestrode a mule, and was gone two days. When he returned we ran out to inquire into his luck, and found no change .u his outward grandeur but a pair of enormous brass spurs, seeing which my brother called out, "Hello, Uncle Ammon, what are you going to do with those spurs?" Seating himself sideways on the mule, Uncle A.'s face assumed a most important expression, as he replied: "You see, Mars Lonza, de Yankees is gwine to give us forty acres of lan en a mule; some of dem riggers down dar spent all der time picking up trash, but you see, sir, my head want in no wise turned. I jes got me all dis harness you see hear behind, an dese hear spura for Sunday, and come long home-den when I git my an an mule, I'll be jes ready to 'sot up."

The other day I saw Uncle Ammon, old and gray, carrying up coal into a house on Main street in Lyachburg. He had no appearance of having "ridden on the high places of the earth."

the high places of the earth."
Thus closeth the "Book of the War; but the years that come after are more replete with tragedy, with heart-stirring sorrows, with "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," with battles fought by women, with hardship, misfortune and distress, than ever stirred the pages of

any "History of the War." Sad End of an Elopement.

A dispatch from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, says:
An attempted elopement Friday night in the southern part of Greenbrier County resulted in the death, by drowning, of and fork, the gift of my godfather, and the fleeing lover and the avenging father the excitement of hiding it myself was and the narrow escape of the young lady. The lady's family are among the most prominent people in Greenbrier County, and the tragic occurrence has produced intense excitement. On Thursday evening Ellen Farrier, the daughter of James H. Farrier, eloped with John Biggs, who had for some time been paying attention to Miss Farrier, despite the strong opposition and threats of her father and brother. They fled towards Greenbrier River in a buggy, intending to cross the stream and be married at the house of a stream and be married at the nouse of a minister some distance beyond, with whom they had an understanding. The father was absent from home when the couple left, but on his return he procured a buggy and, accompanied by his son, started in hot pursuit. Biggs and his intended bride, unconscious of the chase, arrived at the river, and entering a skiff started across. Hardly had they left the bank, however, when the pursuers dashed down to the shore. Jumping into another boat the young lady's father and brother followed the lover, at the when about half way across the river the fugitives were overhauled, and, drop-ping their oars, the father and his son sprang into the boat. The former grap-pled with Biggs and his son took his sister into the other boat. A struggle ensued between the irate father and young Biggs, in the course of which the lover were drowned. Miss Farrier and her brother reached the shore in safety. The news of the affair spread rapidly, and the next morning a searching party found the body of Biggs lodged in a pile of drift. Mr. Farrier's body has not yet

A Miniature Locomotive.

made by Mr. Case, a watchmaker of Franklin, Penn. From the point of the cow-catcher to the end of the tank it is six and one fourth inches long, and weighs two pounds. It is finished in gold, silver and steel, and to the most manufacture of the company of the c minute part is a perfect locomotive. Mr. Case has spent four years in building it. Case has spent four years in building it. It makes its own steam, pumps water into the boiler, has a throttle valve, bell, sand box and, in fact, lacks nothing found in a first-class locomotive. Many locomotive engineers have everying it was calculated to get the better of any locomotive engineers have everying it. locomotive engineers have examined it, man's superstitions, that it was capable and they ronounce it perfect. Mr. Case of imparting intelligence and that it will have a miniature track built and place it on exhibition at the Cotton Centennial Exposition in New Orleans.

- The man who enslaves himself to his money is proclaimed in our very language to be a miser, or a miserable

An Immense Audience at filberulan Hall

The story of her wonderful feats was the most absorbing topic of conversation all over the city yesterday, and the curiosity of the public was excited to the utmost. The physicians who were present at the private performance in the Medical College on Tuesday afternoon were met at every turn by those who wanted to know whether it was really true that the Georgia girl possessed the phenomenal power attributed to her. Ever so many men on Broad street, which, as every one knows, is a place especially devoted to abstruse speculations, attempted to account for the mysterious influence by which the Polk County prodigy performed her feats, but the explanations were even more difficult than the occult powers hey were designed to illuminate.
Such was the interest awakened in the

matter that Hibernian Hall was filled last night by one of the largest and most bled in Charleston. Every seat was taken and the closest attention was paid to the performances on the stage, upon which there poured a perfect flood of light. There was no chance for any deception as to how the thing was done, as the stage was open to the audience in front, and the rear and sides of the stage were occupied by a row of gentlemen, all of whom were citizens of Charleston,

and were cases, to catch at the slightest evidence of foul play.

The phenomenon was very neatly dressed in a skirt of black velvet with an overdress of cream colored lace and looked as fresh as a daisy. Her father, Maj. Hurst, sat on one side of her and on the other she was supported by Prof. Atkinson, who, stepping to the front, began the performance of the evening by announcing that the peculiar power possessed by Miss Hurst baffled description, that no one knew what it was, and that she herself was utterly unaware of its origin. He referred to her father, Maj. Hurst, as being a man of high character and as having established his reputation for courage while marching with the boys in gray and fighting for

Prof. Atkiuson then invited a number of gentlemen from the audience to take sears on the stage. Among those who accepted the invitation were Mr. Octavus Wilkie, teller of the People's National Bank, Mr. Alfred Taylor, of the firm O. E. Johnson & Co., Capt. Alex. Mcl-chers, C. W. Dingle, Esq., Mr. Steedman Yeadon and perhaps a half dozen others. The first test was made with an umbrella, Mr. Magwood standing under the prachute with Miss Hurst and forming quite a taking tableaux. Miss Hurst held the umbrella in her hands and Mr. Magwood was there to catch it when it started off. But Mr. Magwood didn't do it, for before he had time to collect his thoughts the umbrella went off at a tangent and was completely wrecked. Another umbrella was passed up from the audience, and was entrusted to the watchful care of Mr. Wilkie, but the fair phenomenon had bardly touched it before the umbrella went off with Mr. Wilkie making a vig orous but unsuccessful effort to rescue it

The next test was made with a billiard cue, which was held with a firm grasp by Mr. John Colcolough, his instructions being to hold the cue steady. Miss Hurst touched the cue with only the tips of her fingers and in an incredibly short time Mr. Colcolough was forced off the stage, dropping the cue and jumping down into the hall to save his neck. Several other gentlemen attempted to

After a recess of several minutes the next test was made with a cane-bottomed chair, the object being for the person holding it to keep it steady and to resist the unknown force exerted by Miss Hurst, who used only muscular force enough to keep up with the procession and to keep her hand in contact with the chair. Mr. Theodore Melchers failed to resist the "influence," and Mr. Alfred Taylor, after a most desperate and heroic struggle, which delighted the audience gave it up, and shaking his head gravely said, as he stepped toward the front of the stage: "No fraud about that."

the stage: "No fraud about that."
Prof. Atkinson then recited in fine tyle a selection called, "Hear our Ruby

play."
The chair was then seized by Mr Magwood and Capt. Alex. Melchers, two of the most muscular men in the entire audience. Miss Hurst, with one hand resting on the top of the seat and one on the back of the chair, soon put them to utter rout. The audience expected a severe struggle and watched the test with began to tremble like a reed shaken by vind, and then be looked across the chair appealingly to Mr. Magwood who was also uneasy, and in spite of all they could do the chair obeyed the touch of Other experiments followed, but i

each and all of them the unknown influ ence was simply irresistible. Mr. Dingle, who held the chair, was driven directly off the stage before he had time to draw a long breath. A gentleman weighing 175 pounds sat down on a chair with one hand touching the chair on each side and the mer chair and all each side, and the man, chair and all were raised up and forced over the front of the stage. A young man tried to keep the seat, but he was turned all about as the seat, but he was turned all about as if he had been a feather, and the chair, with Capt. Alex. Melchers, who weighs 200 pounds, seated on it, was raised from the floor. Then the chair was made to fly from the floor, and all the strongest efforts of Major E. Willis and two other gentlemen to force the chair to the floor

were unavailing.

It had been whispered around during the day that Col. Franz Melchers would probably go on the stage and expose if possible the mysterious force which Miss Hurst exercises. When Col. Melchers went on the stage last night he was applauded and it was expected that there would be a lively seene, but the "Force" made quick work with him, driving him A Miniature Locomotive.

One of the finest exhibitions of the patient ingenuity of a skilled mechanic is a perfect reproduction of a locomotive made by Mr. Case, a watchmaker of Franklin, Penn. From the point of the

maintain that it is a psychic force, and that it will do whatever the spiritualists

ciple itself. It was a force in nature that no one could comprehend.

During the entire performance, and notwithstanding the vigorous exercise.
Miss Hurst was in a splendid humor and
seemed to have more fun than anybody SHAMED TO COMMIT SUICIDE. A Victim of the "Code."

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 15.—A great sensation was caused to day by the sui-cide of Superior Judge Richard Reid at Mount Sterling, Ky. On April 16 Judge Reid was cowhided by John C. Corneil-son, a prominent barrister, in his law office at Mount Sterling. Corneilson ac-cused the distinguished jurist of duplicity cused the distinguished jurist of duplicity in an important lawsuit, and attacked him. Judge Reid made no resistance and failed afterward to call his assailant to account, although importuned to do so by his wife and many of his friends. He wrote a long card at the time, in which he defended his course by declaring that he considered it beneath judicial dignity and unbecoming a Christian to seek redress in a personal encounter. By many his course was approved, but others his course was approved, but others charged him with a lack of manly courage. His wife, who is a high-spirited woman as well as a most ambitious one, is said to have rebuked him bitterly. It is alleged that she threatened to shoot Corneilson herself if her husband failed

Cornelson herself if her husband failed to do so. All these things weighed upon the spirit of the Judge, and to-day the affair ended in a pitiable tragedy. At 9 o'clock this morning he walked into the office of Judge Brock, at Mount Sterling, and said he was going up stairs to rest. At ten minutes past 11 o'clock Judge Brock found him on the floor, with his right arm extended along his side, and a pixtol with one chamber diside, and a pistol with one chamber discharged lying beside him. He was quite dead. The ball had penetrated the skull behind the right ear, and had found an exit on the opposite side. Nothing giving a reason why he had taken his own life has been found. His wife is at home sick, and when she received the news her

grief was most affecting.

Judge Reid had been out on an electioneering tour over the District, and re-turned only three days ago. His friends met him here, and after a consultation turned only three days ago.

met him here, and after a consultation and the laying out of work, he started out among those with whom he had been raised with bright hopes inspiring the thought that he would be the nominee of the party. This morning early he was fellow-men, shaking himself worth \$20,000. He then determined to come in person for his wife and mined to come in person for his wife and the party family for the party family.

partner, entered the room where Judge Reid lay dead, he fell on his knees by the side of the corpse and wept bitterly. The Judge's aged mother, who has stood up under many sorrows, came to the room and broke down with grief. Busiroom and broke down with grief. Busi-ness in Mount Starling is suspended, and men are congregating everywhere with this only topic before them.

The tragic result of the unfortunate controversy between Corneilson and Judge Reid has completely dazed the ublic, and there are many expressions of condemnation of Corneilson, and his continuous athoroughly unenviable one.

Judge Richard Reid was one of the Judge Richard Reid was one of the most prominent lawyers and most popular politicians in the Eastern part of the State. He was elected to the Superior Court last year, and at the time of his death was making a race for the Court of Appeals to succeed Hargis.

It is believed that Judge Reid stood up before the looking-glass, put the pistol behind his right ear and fired, falling at full length on his back. The ball had passed straight through his brain and

passed straight through his brain and struck the wall of the room a short dis-

It was not signed but it is the handwriting of Judge Reid. It is a singular fact that no one heard the report of the pistol. The weapon used by Judge Reid was one he kept at his house, but never carried, and appeared to have just been loaded. This is a tragic ending of the life of a man who has always been a believer in the Christian religion and a man of fine mind. The news of his death in such a tragic manner will be received with sorrow wherever he is known. His wife, aged nother, brother and sisters are completely prostrated.

An Herole Beed.

"Greater love hath no may than this, hat a man lay down his life for his riend." This is what Chief Engineer Sain, of the steamer State of Florida did. The only woman saved from the wreck of that vessel was Stewardess Jane MacFarland, of Glasgow, and she owed her life to the self-sacrifice of the chief engineer. He was in one of the boats when he saw that this woman was left on the sinking steamer. He gave her his place, returned to the Florida, and went down with her. Such a deed recalls that thrilling scene on the sinking Birken-head many years ago. There was only room in the boats for the women and troops on board. At the command of their officers those brave men put all the women and the little ones in the boats; hen drew np with parade steadiness on the deck, and as the vessel sank they fired a volley and went down with her, their ranks unbroken to the last. That was collective heroism, but it was no nobler than the perfect self devotion and manliness which the Scotch engineer lisplayed when he deliberately gave up is own life that a helpless wo be saved .- New York Tribune.

Death of Cyrus H. McCormick.

CHICAGO, May 13 .- Cyrus H. McCormick, head of the great harvester manufacturing company, and one of the richest men in Chicago, died this morning, aged 75. He had been an invalid for everal years.

Mr. McCormick was born in 1809 in

Rockbridge county, Va. He was the son of Robert R. McCormick, a farmer, who invented the original reaper in 1816, but afterward abandoned it owing to its mperfections. His son successfully completed the invention in 1831, when 21 years old. For this invention Mr. Mc-Cormick was elected by the French Instithe Academy of Sciences, and received the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In politics he was a Democrat, and had been prominent in the party as a mem-ber of the National Committee. He founded and liberally endowed the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, and also endowed professorships in the Washington and Union Theological Colleges of Virginia f Virginia.

It is almost impossible to take fish with a net from Indian river, Florida, as the sharks attack the nets when filled with fish, and tear them to pieces.

Oconee County, since last August to the present time has paid out as much as \$15,000 for crosstles, or an average of \$1,500 per month. This amount of money would purchase, at 25 cents per stick, 60,000 crosstles, about the number bought sties, about the number bought by Mr. Strother.

A Long Lost Husband Found.

MARIETTA, GA., May 14.—Six years MARIETTA, GA., May 14.—Six years ago there lived in a cozy country home at Battle Creek, John Maginnis, who had but a year before won the heart and hand of Miss Emily Rogers. A little girl blessed the first year of their married with the perch, when my attention was life. The young couple were smong the attendants at camp meeting on Salem Camp Grounds in 1879. One night the revenue officers entered the tents and arrested six men, among whom was John Maginnis, and carried them off to Atlanta on a charge of illicit distilling. The young wife was in the greatest grief at the loss of her husband, and the whole congregation was deeply stirred by what in their eyes was a desecration of the sacred spot. Mr. John Hockenhall, since dead, who was one of the wealthiest citidead, who was one or the weatthest cut-zens of Dawson County, proceeded short-ly after to Atlanta for the purpose of giving bail for the arrested men. On arrival there he was told that Maginnis arrival there he was told that Maginnis had effected his escape under a dozen shots fired by his guards in the skirt of woods near Cumming, but that in the darkess of the night they found it impossible to find him. A week and a month passed and no word came of the missing man, and at last it was believed that he must have been wounded, and, escaping to some out of the way place, died. The to some out of the way place, died. The young wife, however, clung to the belief that her husband would return, until at

A young man who had been a former lover pressed his suit, and at last Mrs. aginnis agreed that if nothing was arned of her husband by May she would prowful resignation than in joy, Mrs. Maginnis began making preparations for her raptials. On Friday a bearded man made his appearance at her house and in him she found her long lost husband. His story was that he was afraid that the raised with bright hopes has raised with bright hopes has raised with bright hopes has raised with his fellow-men, shaking hands, and urging them to come to the polls and give him their support. His mind was clear, and he used convincing mind was clear, and he used convincing took a Western and Atlantic train for their distant home.

last there seemed no ground left for

On last Wednesday evening a destruc-tive cyclone struck Mr. Henry Duncan's plantation in this County, doing considerable lamage to his outhouses and fences uprooted large oaks in his yard, stripped many trees of every vestige of branches upon them, and literally destroyed his orchard. It had the appearance of being a large ball of smoke bouncing along at a rapid rate on the surface of the earth. When it reached the dwelling it come. when it reached the dwelling it com-pletely enveloped it and hid it from view, and a neighbor chancing to see it, mis-took it for smoke and thought the house In the Eastern section of the County

the wind and rain were accompanied by a most destructive shower of hail, which iterally ruined the vegetable gardens and field crops wherever it fell. A regular cyclone must have struck Mr. Calvin Massey's plantation in Chesterfield County, near the Lancaster line, blowing down many of the outhouses, and then swept down both sides of Lynche's River, and blating agarything in its rethway. annihilating everything in its pathway. if with a knife, necessitating the replanting of every acre. The plantations of Richard McManus, Ervin Robertson, F. M. Lowry, Emanuel Faile, Samuel Belk, Jefferson Funderburk and others along and near the banks of Lynche's River, were subjected to similar treatment. Mr. Jefferson Funderburk's house was blown lown, one of his arms broken by the fallng timbers and his wife fatally injured by a stroke across the breast by a flying

The thriving little town of Taxahaw came in for its share of the damages. Mr. H. V. Massey, Wm. Cook and several of H. V. Massey, Wm. Cook and several of their neighbors lost considerably in the way of wrecked tenant houses and dataged crops. Mr. John R. Weish, one of our largest and most successful planters, who lives in that section of the County, sustained heavy losses by both wind and hail. He had not many outhouses blown down but large bodies of fine timber destroyed and many of his tenants with have to replant their entire crops. In fact, distressing accounts of the storm come to distressing accounts of the storm come to us from that whole section of the County. It will be a difficult matter for many of the farmers to procure cotton seed with which to replant their crops, as much trouble was experienced in getting seed this spring anyway.—Lancaster Review, May 21.

How to Tell a Good Cow.

Many persons select cows from their knowledge of a single indication denoting quality, but it is claimed that the best sign for richness of mil. 3a deep orange color inside the ears. S. h is said to be infallible, but there are accompanying points that assist the expert in making his selection from a number. After examining the ears, feel the skin on the amining the ears, feel the skin on the rump and observe that it should be soft, velvety and easily falls to its position when the hand is removed. The hair should be fine and silky, with a yellowish cast from underneath. The milk veins should be prominent, uniform, and the under well balanced, extending full to the rear, and well forward in front to the main milk ducis that with one of the scheme of vengeance, and he followed main milk ducts that extend along the belly. The bones should be fine, the eyes mild and expressive, the body show-ing a tendency to avoid accumilating fat, the teats even and at regular intervals. with the escutcheon well defined, dan-druff being easily rubbed therefrom, and the cow should give indications of being a good feeder.

- A terrible accident took place the other day at Auxonue, by which one of the men connected with a menagerie, which is now being exhibited there, lost his life in a cruel manner. The unfortunate man was showing the wild to some friends, and in passing before a cage containing a lion and two lionesses he had the imprudence to put one of his he had the imprudence to put one or his arms between the bars for the purpose of stroking the lion's mane. With a terrific bound the lionesses immediately aprang at the man's arm, in which they buried at the man's arm, in which they buried their claws, while the lion, by a single snap of his teeth, severed the arm clean from the shoulder. The unfortunate victim was taken away by another attendant, who was obliged to beat the beasts back into their cage with a three-pronged fork. The man died in hospital on Sunday morning in the most terrible pain.—

London Telegraph, April 30.

giving attention to the shortcomings of others.

Carp Culture.

Editor of the Enquirer : For the bene-A little cultivation of fish for xix years, beginning eir married with the perch, when my attention was drawn to the carp. I procured twenty and placed them in a pond, in January, 1880. These young fish averaged about three inches in length. On the 9th of July following, I drained my pond, taking from it the fish, which had grown to a length of from tan to sixten inches. ing from it the fish, which had grown to a length of from ten to sixteen inches. In March, 1883, they commenced spawning, once a week for three weeks. Again in September I drained my pond and found about six hundred young fish from three to nine inches in length. These I placed in a pond of the dimensions of one acre. The fish are now

riese I piaced in a pond of the dimensions of one acre. The fish are now from nine to fourteen inches in length.

The only trouble I have in raising these fish successfully, is that of keeping other species of fish out of my ponds, which is one of the most important essentials in the successful breeding of carps and the successful breeding of carp, and every means should be provided, by

screening, or otherwise, to prevent other varieties from entering into ponds.

Carp will spawn at two years of age. In large ponds, where there is plenty of natural food, feeding will not be necessary. natural food, feeding will not be necessary. It is claimed that six hundred carp will stock one acre, and thrive without artificial feeding. If more than this number are in a one-acre pond they should be fed. A pond of smaller size than one-acre I consider worthless. 4. one-acre pond properly cared for will furnish one family of ordinary size with all the fish they will require for food, but

to do this, of course the pond must contain more than they would consume.

My fish commenced to spawn on the 20th of last month. The eggs hatched 20th of last month. The eggs hatched in eight days after they were deposited. I now have thousands of young fish. The young fish begin to take food in from four to five days after they are hatched. The necessity, therefore, of an abundance of acquatic plants, especially in the hatching ponds, will be apparent, since they serve the double purpose of supplying food for the fish, and a natural place of deposit for the eggs.

supplying food for the fish, and a natural place of deposit for the eggs.

Small ponds will not serve for growing carp, even if the fish are regularly fed artificially. Too many fish in the pond will keep the water constantly muddy, which will render the fish unfit for food, especially in the summer months. The carp is a large-growing fish, and requires plenty of water and food.—John F. Hinson, in Yorkville Enquirer. HINSON, in Yorkville Enquirer.

When Sugar Was Invented.

The exact date of the invention of sugar is lost in the midst of fable. How-ever, sugar is said to have been known to the Chinese three thousand years ago, and there is not much doubt but that the and there is not much doubt but that the manufacture of the article was carried on under the Tain dynasty two hundred years before Christ. A strong claim for priority has been made for India. Probably the Hindoos learned the art from the Chinese, and from China the knowledge was carried farther West. Three hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, Alexander sent, Nearchus with a large fleet down the Indus to explore the large fleet down the Indus to explore the adjacent countries. When that afficer reurned from his expedition he brought to Greece an account of honey (sugar) which the Asiastics made from cane, without any assistance from bees. This was the earliest idea the Western nations struck the wall of the room a short distance from him.

A little negro was blown several hundred back of a business card, was found on the back of a business card, was found on the bureau in Judge Brock's room:

"Mad! Mad! Forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy." It was not signed:

"A little negro was blown several hundred back of a business card, was found on the wind failed to do in the way of destruction was fully accomplished by the mammoth hailstones. One hundred acres of fine young cotton on Mr. Mas-ery of America sugar was a costly luxury. used only on rare occasions. During the wars of the Roses, about 1455, Margaret Paston, wife of a very wealthy country gentleman of Norfolk, wrote to her husband begging that he would "youcheafe" to send her a pound of sugar. As tate as 1700 all England consumed only twenty million pounds in the course of a year, but since the consmuption has greatly increased, twenty million hundredweight now being used by the English people. The process of refining sugar was not known in England previous to 1659. That was probably an invention of the Arabs. A Venetian merchant learned the secret from the Saracens of Sicily, and sold the art for one hundred thou-

A Love Tragedy in the Escurial.

A singular tragedy was enacted recent ly in the palace of the Escurial. While the visitors were being conducted through the cloisters, they were startled by three or four reports of a gun following one another in quick succession. Several of them ran in the direction from which them ran in the direction from which the sounds came, and met in one of the passages a handsome and well-dressed girl, who exclaimed in piteous accents, "Help me for God's sake; my heart is cut in two." She was holding her hands to her breast, and blood was flowing in large quantities down her dress. A few paces further on a young man was found lying in a pool of blood with a gunshot wound in his side. When he saw the crowd, and the girl among them, he just had the strength to exclaim, "Oh, look at me, thou star of my life! I wish to die with your eyes looking into mine." The two victims were taken into the hospital of the palace; they may both repital of the palace; they may both re-cover. It has been ascertained that the friends, he thought the opportunity would be favorable for carrying out his scheme of vengeance, and he followed her from Madrid to the palace without being observed, and called out to her while she was in one of the corridors, shooting her as soon as the tweeter round. shooting her as soon as she turned round.

A Chinese Superstition.

As an illustration of the regardlessness of the Chinese for the female offspring, a child of tender years was observed to fall from a sampan into the river on Saturday last, when no attempt whatever was made to effect its rescue. The infant, however, fortunately became entangled however, fortunately became entangled in the cordage of a broken spar, which, whilst drifting down the river, was picked up by the crew of another hoat, and the child restored to her parents, who, as is cust mary, administered a sound flogging to the semi-drowned infant. The theory held by the natives is, that by preserving a fellow-creature from a watery grave the rescuer is answerable in the next world for all the ains afterwards committed by the preserver. afterwards committed by the person rescued; which literally means that a wise dispensation of Providence has been frustrated.—Hong Kong (China) Mail.

fork. The man died in hospital on Sunday morning in the most terrible pain.—

London Telegraph, April 30.

— We have follies, troubles and evils enough in our own lives without our replied the wife, with a quiet smile, "but giving attention to the shortcomings of others.

— "I don't see why you are so particular about your huir," said a churlish husband. "I don't suppose five ever wore bauge." "I don't suppose five ever replied the wife, with a quiet smile, "but then there was nobody in the world but but bushand to admire het."